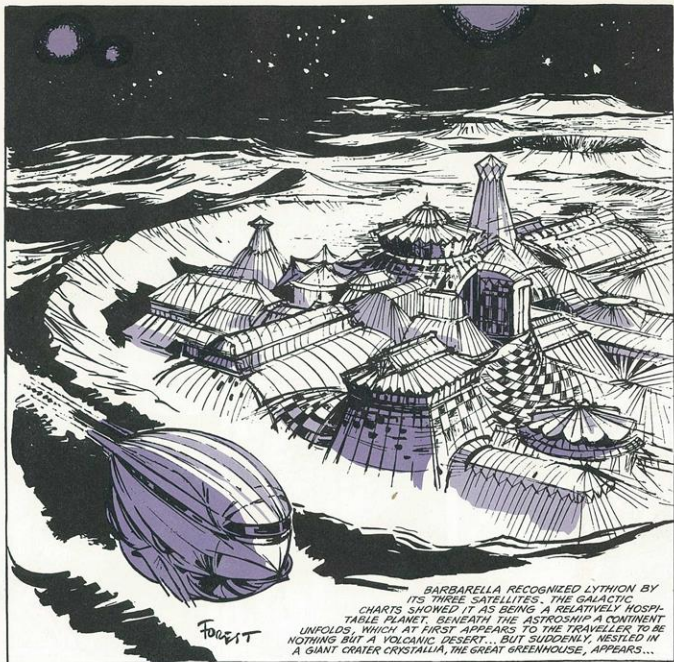


BARBARELLA



BY JEAN-CLAUDE FOREST / GROVE PRESS, INC.





BARBARELLA RECOGNIZED LYTHION BY ITS THREE SATELLITES. THE GALACTIC CHARTS SHOWED IT AS BEING A RELATIVELY HOSPITABLE PLANET. BENEATH THE ASTROSHIP A CONTINENT UNFOLDS, WHICH AT FIRST APPEARS TO THE TRAVELLER TO BE NOTHING BUT A VOLCANIC DESERT... BUT SUDDENLY, NESTLED IN A GIANT CRATER CRISTALLIA, THE GREAT GREENHOUSE, APPEARS...



WHAT MISADVENTURES, WHAT DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE HAVE LED THIS GIRL TO WANDER ALONE THROUGH A SOLAR SYSTEM FAR REMOVED FROM OURS...?

FOR DAYS ON END HER ROCKET HAS RACED PAST AIRLESS, LIFELESS WORLDS.... AT LAST, WITH THE HELP OF HER OWN FATIGUE, THE FEATURES OF THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HER SUFFERING GROW BLURRED... SHE IS CAPABLE OF CONFRONTING NEW FACES....



A STRONG WIND MAKES IT DIFFICULT TO LAND, AND THE ROCKET CONTROLS RESPOND SLOWLY... EXHAUSTED, BARBARELLA FEELS HER NERVES BETRAYING HER....



OUT OF
CONTROL, THE
ROCKET
CRASHES
THROUGH A
GLASS
WINDOW.



MIRACULOUSLY, BARBARELLA IS
UNSCATHED...

HURRY, I'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE... THE ROCKET MAY
CATCH ON FIRE...



I'VE FALLEN INTO A GREEN-
HOUSE OF ROSE BUSHES...
BUT...WHAT'S GOING ON? IS
IT THE ICY WIND THAT'S
MAKING THE BUSHES
MOVE THIS WAY?



SOUND THE ALARM! AN ACCIDENT IN THE
EIGHTH GREENHOUSE! THE WIND'S RUSH-
ING TIKU! THE BROKEN WINDOW! THE ROSES
ARE WITHERING!...

HOW DID IT
HAPPEN?



WE
DON'T KNOW,
SIRE!

IT'S
OBVIOUS
THIS IS THE
WORK OF
ORHOMRS!



ISOLATE THE
GREENHOUSE
AND PREPARE
THE CRYSTAL
ORGAN FOR
FIRING!...

NO! IT'S NOT
THE ORHOMRS!
IT'S AN ASTRO-
SHIP! MY SISTER
KNAUTIA AND I
SAW IT CRASH
... THE PILOT
MAY STILL
BE ALIVE...

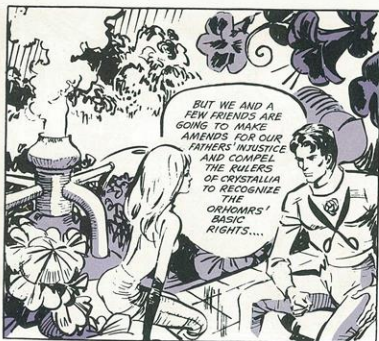


I'M GOING TO BE
SLASHED TO RIBBONS
BY THE DEATH
STRUGGLE OF THE
ROSE BUSHES.
IT'S REALLY TOO
POETIC A DEATH!
OPEN UP!... HELP!...



KNAUTIA! I CAN HEAR
SOMEONE CALLING.
WE'VE GOT TO OPEN
THE GREENHOUSE
DOORS!



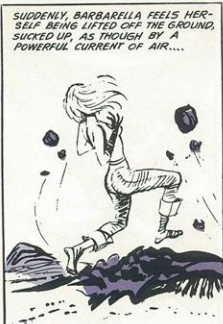








THESE SAVAGES
INTEND TO STONE
ME TO DEATH!...



SUDDENLY, BARBARELLA FEELS HER-
SELF BEING LIFTED OFF THE GROUND,
SUCKED UP, AS THOUGH BY A
POWERFUL CURRENT OF AIR....



HALF UNCONSCIOUS, SHE FLIES
OVER THE TOWERS OF THE VILLAGE.
...AT THE SUMMIT OF SEVERAL
OF THEM, AN ORKORM...



...IS PERCHED, CONCENTRATING ALL HIS TELEKINETIC POWER IN HER DIRECTION... BUT THIS TIME TO SAVE HER, OF THIS SHE IS CERTAIN....



THE
LANDING
IS A
LITTLE BUMPY
... BUT
THERE WAS
NO OTHER
WAY TO
SAVE
YOU!



AT LAST
AN ORKORM
WHO
SPEAKS
GALACTIC
ESPERANTO!!

I'M AHAN!
I HEARD
YOU CALLING....
HERE, YOU'RE SAFE,
DRINK A LITTLE
SKIAWOLF, AN
ALCOHOL MADE
FROM RED MOSS....
IT WILL WARM
YOU UP!

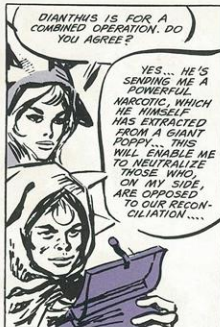


WEARY AND BRUISED, OVERWHELMED
BY WHAT SHE HAD BEEN THROUGH,
BARBARELLA FELT THAT THE ALCOHOL
WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH TO WARM
HER... AND SHE WAS TERRIBLY
CURIOUS TO LEARN HOW AN ORKORM
EXPRESSES HIS AFFECTIONS....

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL,
EARTH GIRL, AND FIERY...
AND YOU MUST ALSO BE JUST
AND COURAGEOUS IF DIANTHUS
ENTRUSTED YOU WITH A MISSION
TO ME! TELL ME, WHAT
MESSAGE DID YOU
BRING ME?



THE MESSAGE AND THE
COFFER WHICH WENT WITH
IT ARE BACK IN THE
STRIDE....



DIANTHUS IS FOR A
COMBINED OPERATION. DO
YOU AGREE?

YES... HE'S
SENDING ME A
POWERFUL
NARCOTIC, WHICH
HE HIMSELF
HAS EXTRACTED
FROM A GIANT
POPPY. THIS
WILL ENABLE ME
TO NEUTRALIZE
THOSE WHO,
ON MY SIDE,
ARE OPPOSED
TO OUR RECON-
CILIATION....



BARBARELLA WINGS BACK TO
CRYSTALLIA, A MESSENGER
OF HOPE.



WHAT'S GOING
ON? MY WHAT
EXCITEMENT!
I'D BETTER
KEEP OUT OF
SIGHT!



KNAUTIA SUDDENLY APPEARS.

BARBARELLA! COME AND
HIDE...! DIANTHUS' PLANS HAVE
BEEN DISCOVERED... THE MASTERS
OF CRYSTALLIA ARE AFTER
US!

NO, ALL IS
NOT LOST...
LET'S TRY
AND GET
BACK TO THE
WRECK OF
MY ROCKET....
I NEED A
WEAPON!



JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID
OF! THEY'VE STATIONED A
GUARD.... FOR US POOR
DEFENSELESS WOMEN,
THERE AREN'T
A DOZEN WAYS
TO SKIN A
CAT!



HEY! WHERE DID
YOU COME FROM?
THAT'S SOME
OUTFIT! YOU DON'T
HAVE ON! BUT
DRESSED
THAT OR
ANY OTHER
WAY, NO
ONE'S ALLOWED
NEAR THE
ROCKET.



WHAT'S THE MATTER?
AREN'T YOU FEELING
WELL?

SURPRISED AND UPSET, THE
GUARD BENDS DOWN OVER
THE GRACEFULLY UNCONSCIOUS
GIRL.....



HE'S IN NO SHAPE
TO RE-ENTER THE
LISTS! NOW,
LET'S SEE
ABOUT SOME
WEAPONS....
THEY'RE
IN THE PILOT'S
CABIN.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER BARBARELLA
AND KHAUTIA HAVE RETAINED
DIANTHUS AND HIS
PARTISANS.



THANKS FOR
JOINING US, EARTH
GIRL.... BUT I'M AFRAID
OUR CAUSE IS HOPELESS
.... WE'RE TRAPPED IN
THIS GREENHOUSE.... THE
VENOMOUS SCENT OF THE
SCABIOUS PLANTS
WILL POISON US
BEFORE LONG....

DON'T GIVE
UP DIANTHUS.
...AHAN
AND HIS
FRIENDS
ARE DUE
TO ARRIVE
AT DAWN.



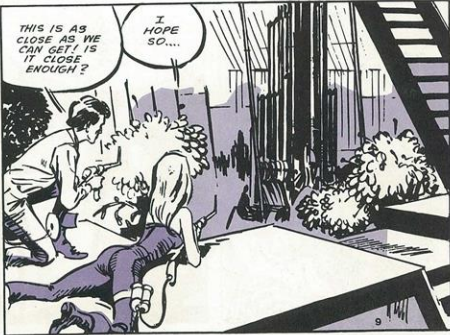
SO
WHAT?...
WITH THE
CRYSTAL
ORGAN, THE
MASTERS OF
CRISTALLIA WILL
PREVENT THEM
FROM EVER
REACHING
US



DIANTHUS,
TAKE
THIS
GUN!

NO, BARBARELLA,
I REFUSE TO
FIRE ON THE
ADONIDES!

I
ONLY WANT
YOU TO USE
IT ON THE
ORGAN....
THIS DE-
FLAGRATING
GUN CAN
DO IT....



THIS IS AS
CLOSE AS WE
CAN GET! IS
IT CLOSE
ENOUGH?

I
HOPE
SO....



STRIPPED OF THEIR PRINCIPAL WEAPON, THE ADONIDES WHO ARE OPPOSED TO ANY RECONCILIATION WITH THE DESERT PEOPLE GIVE UP THE STRUGGLE TERRIFIED, THEY WATCH THEIR ENEMIES MARCH INTO CRYSTALLIA . . . BUT THE INTENTIONS OF THE ORHOMRS ARE PEACEABLE DIANTHUS WAS RIGHT!

DIANTHUS AND AHAN HAVE DONE IT.... I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE.



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE TALE!... IN WHOSE ARMS SHALL I CELEBRATE FIRST THE VICTORY OF GOOD OVER EVIL, DIANTHUS' OR AHAN'S?



AHAN IN DEEP CONVERSATION WITH KNAUTIA! ... THEY'RE NOT WASTING ANY TIME!



AND WHERE DID DIANTHUS DIG UP THIS SWEET YOUNG ORHOMR? BARBARELLA, YOU HAVE NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE.



I'M IN LUCK.... A CARGO ROCKET WAS JUST LANDED!... IT'S PROBABLY WAITING FOR A LOAD OF FLOWERS....



HELLO THERE, YOU HANDSOME CAPTAIN. STILL HAVE A SEAT FOR ME AMONG THE BLUE ROSES AND WILD AMARANTHUS?

A SEAT OF HONOR, BEAUTIFUL ORCHID!

2



THIS THING IS TOO ENORMOUS FOR US TO TRY AND PRETEND IT DOESN'T EXIST! IT LOOKS LIKE A MEDUSA... A JELLY FISH... BUT IT MUST MEASURE AT LEAST SIX HUNDRED YARDS ACROSS.

WE'LL MOVE IN CLOSER TO IT... IT'LL BE EASIER TO EXAMINE... APADANG, SWITCH OFF THE REACTORS AND STABILIZE THE ROCKETS BY USING THE ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE.



IF YOU HAVE A CAMERA ON BOARD, I SUSPECT IT WOULD BE WORTHWHILE SPENDING A REEL OR TWO ON THIS PHENOMENON!

AYE, AYE, BARBARELLA. TWO REELS FOR THE JELLY FISH... AND AS MANY FOR WHAT'S COMING OVER THE HORIZON.



WHAT IS IT?

ON EARTH WE CALL IT PHYSALIA, OR PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR, AND IT'S NO LARGER THAN 12 INCHES... THE SWOLLEN MEMBRANE WHICH SHINES IN THE SUNLIGHT SERVES BOTH FOR BUDYANG AND AS A KIND OF SAIL.



IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH THEY'RE GETTING AWFULLY CLOSE. CAPTAIN DILDANO, YOU'D BETTER REGAIN ALTITUDE!



ABSORBED BY THE MEDUSA, THE ASTROSHIP IS SOON RESTING IN THE CENTER OF AN ENORMOUS ROOM WITH FLEXIBLE, TRANSPARENT WALLS...

I'M FURIOUS! GIVE ME A DIVING SUIT, DILDANO, AT ONCE! WE MUST LODGE AN IMMEDIATE PROTEST AGAINST THIS OUT-AND-OUT ACT OF PIRACY... OR ELSE GO AND DEMAND THE PROTECTION OF THE EARTH CONSUL.

IMPOSSIBLE, BARBARELLA! THE ROCKET'S BEEN SERIOUSLY DAMAGED... THE WATERTIGHT DOORS CLOSED AUTOMATICALLY, AND THERE'S NO WAY TO GET TO THE DIVING SUITS!

IT DOESN'T MATTER, ACCORDING TO THE INDICATORS, THE WATER HAS GIVEN WAY TO STRONGLY IODIZED BUT NON-TOXIC AIR... I'M GOING OUT WITHOUT A DIVING SUIT!

MISS, ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO GIVE IT A TRY.

BUT SCARCELY HAS THE QUARTERMASTER APADANG VENTURED FORTH FROM THE AIR-LOCK THAN HE COLLAPSES, HIS HANDS AND FACE HORRIBLY BLISTERED. THE AIR IS SATURATED WITH STINGING PARTICLES.

THAT'S TERRIBLE, DILDANO! AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM... BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE PEOPLE DASHING UP... THEY'RE SIGNALLING TO US.

I THINK THEY WANT TO COME INTO THE ROCKET...

MY NAME: AKA-LEPH. EARTHFIANS, DO YOU SPEAK GALACTIC ESPERANTO? YOU UNDERSTAND: EVERY-ONE TAKE OFF CLOTHES QUICK!

WHAT DO THESE FISHY-SMELLING BRUTES WANT? I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THEM IN...

DON'T LET THEM PUSH US AROUND!

BAH! I DON'T THINK THEY MEAN US ANY HARM... AND BESIDES, IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME AN OUTER-SPACE CREATURE HAS VIEWED MY NUDITY!



VAPORIZED
SUBSTANCE...
PROTECT
YOUR
EPIDERMIS,
EARTH
GIRL!

IT DESERVES
IT, IF I DO
SAY SO!

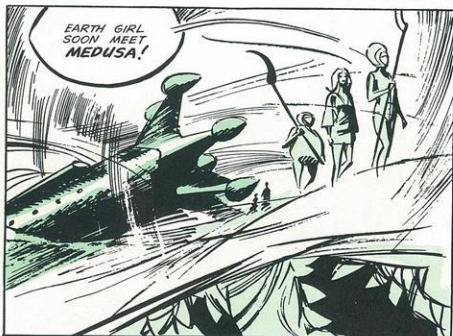


ALSO SWALLOW
POWERFUL ANTI-
ALLERGY MEDICINE:
EARTH GIRL COM-
PLETELY PROTECTED
AGAINST GIANT
NETTLE-RASH.

THANKS,
BABY!



MEN WILL
BE GIVEN SAME
TREATMENT... BUT
EARTH GIRL
FOLLOW ME WITHOUT
WAITING!



EARTH GIRL
SOON MEET
MEDUSA!



I THOUGHT WE'D
ALREADY BEEN
INTRODUCED...

... TWO
MEDUSAS... I
MEAN: THERE
ARE TWO
MEDUSAS:
EQUALLY
DANGEROUS...
BUT EACH
IN OWN
WAY.



IF THE EARTH
GIRL WISHES TO
LAST A LITTLE
LONGER: I MEAN: LIVE
... NO LOOK OUR
SOVEREIGN IN THE
EYES.



THAT'S FINE,
AKA - LEPH.
LEAVE US
ALONE!



DON'T SAY A WORD!
I KNOW IN ADVANCE WHAT
YOU'RE GOING TO SAY...
I DISLIKE COMPLAINTS,
AND TEARS TOO... THE
MEDUSA DOESN'T COMPLAIN,
AND NEVER CRIES!



...BY CAPTURING THE
ROCKET, MY FRIENDS AND
THEIR PORTUGUESE MEN-OF-
WAR MERELY TOOK ADVAN-
TAGE OF A GODSEND... CAN
CURIOSITY MAKE PEOPLE
THROW ALL CAUTION TO
THE WINDS?



WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING
TO DO
WITH
ME?

I DON'T
KNOW...
THE MEDUSA
IS SO
BLOODY BORED
... LOOK AT
ME...!

THE MEDUSA HAS STRAIGHTENED
UP ON HER THRONE OF SPONGE
... WITH A NATURAL GESTURE, SHE
REMOVES HER MASK...



NO,
YOUR
MAJESTY!
THIS
TIME
CAUTION
WILL PRE-
vail OVER
CURIOSITY!

HA! HA! HA!
HOW RIGHT YOU
ARE, EARTH
GIRL. WHAT YOU
WOULD FIND
IN MY FACE
WOULD TURN YOU
TO STONE, JUST
AS IN THE
LEGEND.



BUT AS I,
FOR MY PART,
MUST BEHOLD
YOUR FEATURES,
CLOSE YOUR
EYES AND
LIFT YOUR
HEAD!



GOOD, YOU'RE
LOVELY! IT'S...
PLEASANT... MOST
PLEASANT... LET'S BE
FRIENDS, IF THAT IS
POSSIBLE. HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME
FOR A BIT
OF UNDER-
WATER
HUNTING?

BARBARELLA HAS NO CHOICE... BUT THIS EXPEDITION ALONE WITH THE MEDUSA IS NOT ESPECIALLY REASSURING TO HER.



WHY DIDN'T SHE PUT HER MASK BACK ON? I DON'T DARE LIFT MY HEAD FOR FEAR OF CATCHING HER EYE... SHE'S PLAYING WITH ME LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE... AND YET SHE HASN'T TRIED TO TAKE ME BY SURPRISE BY TURNING AROUND SUDDENLY...



WOULD YOUR MAJESTY MIND TELLING ME WHAT FATE SHE HAS IN STORE FOR MY COMPANIONS, CAPTAIN DILDANO AND HIS MEN?



NOTHING VERY ENVIABLE, I SUSPECT... MEN DON'T INTEREST ME...!

AND WHAT ABOUT ME?



YOU, BARBARELLA? I DON'T KNOW... THE TIME WILL COME WHEN YOU'LL LOOK ME IN THE EYE... AND THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE. IT IS SO WRITTEN... NEITHER YOU NOR I CAN DO A THING ABOUT IT...!

NEVERTHELESS, YOUR MAJESTY, I INTEND TO TRY...



JUST THEN A VOICE IS HEARD COMING FROM THE INSTRUMENT PANEL.



IZZY: SRINIT, BRY: ALLONGA...?

I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE SHE WOULD GET THE BETTER OF ME...



SOMEONE'S CALLING THE QUEEN... I DON'T KNOW THE LANGUAGE, BUT I RECOGNIZED AKA-LEPH'S VOICE.

AKA-LEPH! THIS IS THE EARTH GIRL, BARBARELLA. I HAVE THE MEDUSA IN MY POWER!







STRUCK IN THE SMALL
OF THE BACK, THE MEDUSA
COLLAPSES.



LET'S SEE YOUR
FACE... YOUR
EYES WILL
NEVER KILL
ANYONE
AGAIN.



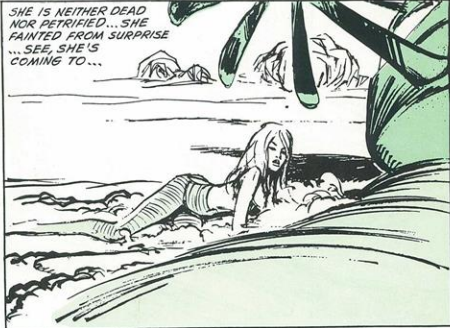
BARBARELLA!



NO, DILDANO, I'M REALLY
THE MEDUSA... I'VE
SIMPLY APPROPRIATED
YOUR FRIEND'S FACE...
FINISH ME OFF, IF
YOU WISH,
BUT FIRST
LET ME
TELL YOU
THAT BAR-
BARELLA
ISN'T DEAD.



SHE IS NEITHER DEAD
NOR PETRIFIED... SHE
FAINTED FROM SURPRISE
...SEE, SHE'S
COMING TO...



COME HERE, BARBARELLA, THERE'S NO DANGER
OF MY TURNING YOU INTO STONE, AS YOUR
PLANET'S MYTH HAS IT. MY POWER IS OF
ANOTHER KIND ALTOGETHER, IN FACT
IT'S RATHER A BONDAGE.



MY IMMORTALITY IS DEPENDENT UPON
MY REGULARLY ASSUMING THE FACE OF
A DIFFERENT GIRL... THUS I HAVE
KNOWN THE PALLOR OF THE GIRLS
FROM VENUS, THE SENSUAL, EXOTIC
MASKS OF THE GIRLS FROM PLUTO,
AND MANY OTHERS BESIDES...
BUT... THOSE WHOSE FEATURES
I BORROW HAVE HAD TO DIE!

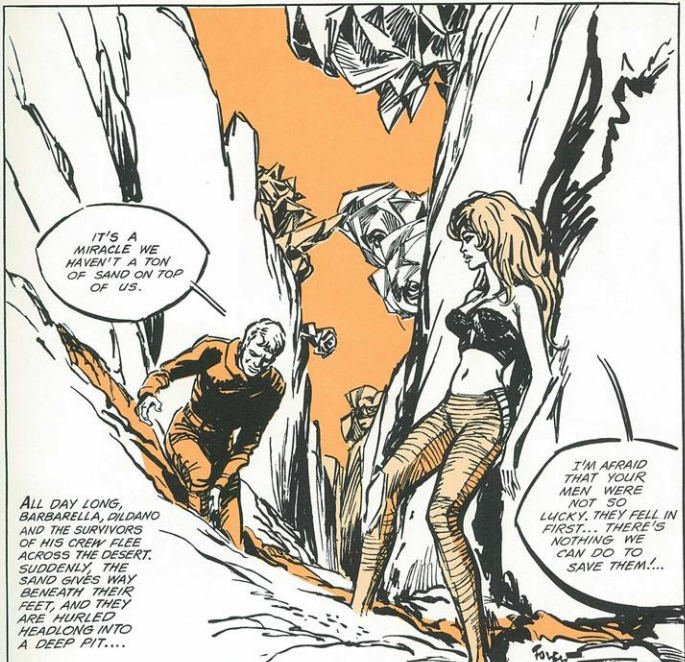




AND NOW, IS IT YOUR TURN TO DIE?



3



IT'S A
MIRACLE WE
HAVEN'T A TON
OF SAND ON TOP
OF US.

ALL DAY LONG,
BARBARELLA, DILDANO
AND THE SURVIVORS
OF HIS CREW FLEE
ACROSS THE DESERT.
SUDDENLY, THE
SAND GIVES WAY
BENEATH THEIR
FEET, AND THEY
ARE HURLED
HEADLONG INTO
A DEEP PIT....

I'M AFRAID
THAT YOUR
MEN WERE
NOT SO
LUCKY. THEY FELL IN
FIRST... THERE'S
NOTHING WE
CAN DO TO
SAVE THEM!...

... AND WE MIGHT BETTER
HAVE SHARED THEIR FATE!
WE'LL NEVER GET OUT
OF HERE....

FIRST LET'S
PAUSE FOR A
MOMENT AND
CATCH OUR BREATH.
THESE CREVICES
WILL PROTECT
US FROM THE
SUN.

WHAT AN
EXCELLENT IDEA
YOU HAD THERE,
DILDANO!
NOT ONLY
ARE WE IN
THE SHADE,
BUT I CAN
FEEL A DRAFT
OF FRESH
AIR.

LOOK OUT!



21
WHAT IS
IT?

A DEAD
LEAF, I
THINK.... BUT
NOT THE
KIND ONE
OFTEN SEES!

THERE ARE SOME OTHERS OVER HERE. THEY MUST COME FROM SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND FOREST.

THEY'LL MAKE EXCELLENT TORCHES!



LOOK! A REDDISH GLOW AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL!

I'VE NEVER SEEN A CAVE AS ENORMOUS AS THIS, OR ONE WITH THIS STRANGE LIGHT... THIS SETTING SUN, THE WIND THAT BEARS DEAD LEAVES... IT'S LIKE NOVEMBER ON EARTH!

I CAN TELL YOU ONE THING, THE LEAVES DON'T GROW ON THESE TREES, THEY'RE PETRIFIED, DOWN TO THE TINIEST TWIGS!

WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR AN HOUR... I'M HUNGRY, I'M THIRSTY, AND I'M TIRED OF PLAYING TOM THUMB!

WE CAN'T HELP BUT END UP IN THE LIVING PART OF THE FOREST.... THESE TREES AREN'T YET PETRIFIED, AND I CAN SEE THAT SOME OF THEM STILL HAVE A FEW LEAVES!



IT'S AS THOUGH TIME IS MOVING BACKWARDS... WINTER IS GIVING WAY TO AUTUMN.

IT'S ALL VERY LOVELY AND POETIC... BUT IF WE'RE HEADING INTO A HOT, DRY SUMMER, I'D JUST AS SOON STOP RIGHT HERE....



WE'RE BEING WATCHED! THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE WAS KILLED BEFORE WE EVEN SAW IT....

IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY HEAD, OR ANY VISIBLE BODY.... IF THE PEOPLE WHO SAVED US ARE AS NORMALLY CONSTITUTED, I CAN SEE WE HAVE SOME CHARMING EVENINGS IN STORE FOR US!



THERE! FEEL ANY BETTER, MY DEAR?

I CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT ANY MORE. BUT I PROMISE I'LL GIVE MYSELF TO THE FIRST PERSON WHO QUENCHES MY THIRST... AND THAT'S A PROMISE!



HAPPY TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO YOU.... MY NAME IS HALLINGER THESE ARE MY FRIENDS THE OLOPIADES.... THEY ARE RENOWNED ARCHERS.



ARE YOU HERE TO STUDY CAYICULAR FAUNA OR TO FULFILL A VOW?



NEITHER ONE, I WAS A MEMBER OF A CYNETIC EXPEDITION ON LYTHION.... OUR ROCKET CRASHED IN THE DESERT, AND THE SURVIVORS SOUGHT REFUGE IN THIS PIT!

IT'S QUITE AN EXTRAORDINARY PLACE! THIS CONSTANTLY SETTING SUN... THESE PETRIFIED TREES, THIS SINISTER AUTUMN!



TALK, TALK, TALK!

YOU'RE RIGHT... THE LEAVES OPEN YELLOW... PROBABLY BECAUSE OF SOME PARTICULAR QUALITY OF THE LIGHT....

THE ENORMOUS CRYSTAL BLOCK THROUGH WHICH THE SUN SHINES IS LITTLE BY LITTLE COVERED OVER WITH THE DESERT SAND.... THIS PHENOMENON SPEEDS UP THE DEATH OF THE TREES, AND HERE ANYTHING THAT DIES QUICKLY TURNS TO STONE!



AH! HERE IS THE VILLAGE OF THE OLOPIADES.

I SEEM TO REMEMBER HAVING PROMISED SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE FOR A GLASS OF ANY LIQUID WHATSOEVER... APPARENTLY NO ONE IS INTERESTED...

ARE YOU THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF THAT HUNTING EXPEDITION?



AAAAH!

NO... THE HEAD OF THE EXPEDITION, STRICKNO, ALSO SURVIVED. HE'S A SADISTIC, OBSSIVE HUNTER.... HE WAS NICKNAMED "TRIDENT" BECAUSE HE COULD HIT THREE LIVING TARGETS ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY.... THERE WAS ALSO A MARTIAN BIOLOGIST, KLILL....



THEY LIVE IN THE PETRIFIED SECTION OF THE FOREST. I HAVE VERY LITTLE CONTACT WITH THEM!



WHAT'S GOING ON? LISTEN TO THOSE SCREAMS AND THE HOUSE IS SHAKING!

GIANT MOLES! THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'RE ON A RAMPAGE! NORMALLY THEY LIVE UNDERGROUND. THEY'RE ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHT!



AND UNFORTUNATELY THE VILLAGE IS SITUATED IN THE BRIGHTEST PART OF THE FOREST....



WHAT'S MORE, KLILL ENJOYS HIS WORK. HERE BOTH THE FLORA AND THE FAUNA LEND THEMSELVES ADMIRABLY TO MUTATIONS.



ACCURSED STRICKNO, UNFORTUNATE OLOPIADES, BOTH VICTIMS OF A HUNTER'S FANTASIES! BARBARELLA'S GENEROUS HEART CANNOT BEAR THIS INJUSTICE.... A MESSENGER ARRIVES FROM THE "TRIDENT": THE HUNTER INVITES BARBARELLA TO COME AND CHOOSE FROM AMONG THE FURS IN HIS COLLECTION SOMETHING WORTHY TO REPLACE THE CLOTHES RUINED IN HER MISHAP WITH THE GIANT MOLES....

DON'T GO!... HE'S A VICIOUS BRUTE!



I THINK HE'S GIVEN US A CHANCE TO SET A TRAP FOR HIM... LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT! NOW, HERE IS MY PLAN...

LATER...

WHAT A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, MY CHILD!



HOW COULD I FOREGO THE PLEASURE OF ADMIRING YOUR TROPHIES... YOU MUST HAVE AN EXQUISITE COLLECTION!

EXQUISITE!
HA! WHAT A CHARMING CHILD YOU ARE! MY COLLECTION IS UNIQUE!



DON'T BE SHY... TAKE YOUR PICK! HERE YOU HAVE PELTS FROM THE BACK OF THE STIULE, THE PAW OF THE BURROWER, THE MANE OF THE MAHAMON....



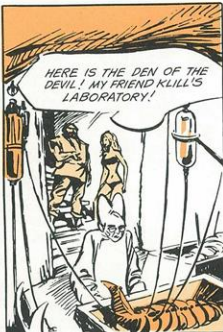
I'D NEVER DARE EXCHANGE MY RAGS FOR THESE MARVELLOUS FURS!

BUT IF I MUST CHOOSE, MY PREFERENCE GOES TO THE MURMELINE'S TAIL.



NOW I SHALL REVEAL TO YOU THE SECRETS OF MANUFACTURE...

HERE IS THE DEN OF THE DEVIL! MY FRIEND KLILL'S LABORATORY!



THE SYNOTHERUS IS FULL GROWN, STRICKNO... HE'S ALL YOURS!





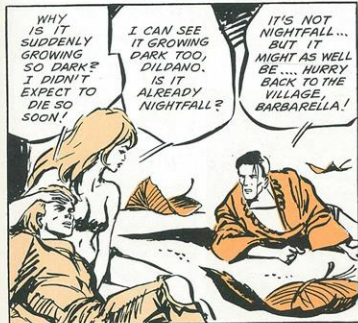


THE DEFLAGRATOR WAS MY ONLY FIREARM... AH, BUT EVEN IF I HAVE TO RESORT TO A HUNTING SPEAR, I'LL IMPALE THAT ANIMAL YET!



DILDANO! DILDANO! ARE YOU HURT VERY BADLY?

I... I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS ADVENTURE WITHOUT ME!



WHY IS IT SUDDENLY GROWING SO DARK? I DIDN'T EXPECT TO DIE SO SOON!

I CAN SEE IT GROWING DARK TOO, DILDANO. IS IT ALREADY NIGHTFALL?

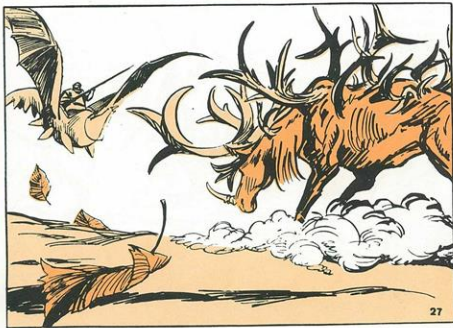
IT'S NOT NIGHTFALL... BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL BE... HURRY BACK TO THE VILLAGE, BARBARELLA!

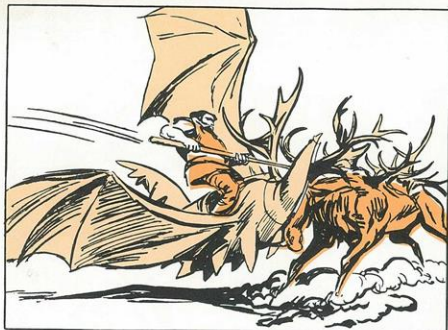


...THERE MUST BE A TERRIBLE WINDSTORM OUT IN THE DESERT... AND THE SAND COVERS OVER THE QUARTZ-SUN... IT HAPPENS FAIRLY OFTEN, BUT GENERALLY A WIND FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION COMES AND SWEEPS AWAY PART OF THE SAND ACCUMULATED BUT WHENEVER THIS HAPPENS, IT MEANS A LONG NIGHT FOR THE UNDERGROUND WORLD... I'M AFRAID NEITHER DILDANO NOR I WILL LIVE TO SEE THE END OF THIS ONE!



LOOK! THIS MADMAN IS TRYING TO BATTLE THE STAG WITH A HUNTING SPEAR!





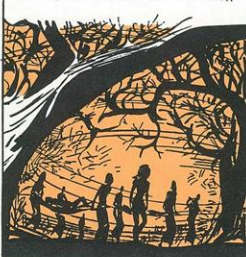
STRICKNO'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE STAG! THE ROLES ARE REVERSED!



RUN, BARBARELLA, THEY MAY COME BACK... IT'S ALL UP WITH US!

NO, I'M GOING TO CALL THE OLOPIADES... THE OBJECTS OF THEIR TERROR HAVE DISAPPEARED, THEY OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MUSTER ENOUGH COURAGE TO COME AND HELP US...

BEARING THE WOUNDED ON STRETCHERS, BARBARELLA AND THE OLOPIADES RETURN TO THE VILLAGE... KILL, WEARY OF HIS MASTER'S SADISM, GOES ALONG WITH THEM...



AT DAWN...



I'LL BET THEY'VE FOUND STRICKNO... THEY'RE TREMBLING LIKE LEAVES...

THE "TRIDENT" WAS A BRUTE, BUT ONE THING HE DIDN'T LACK WAS COURAGE. HE MET THE STAG FACE TO FACE ONE LAST TIME... AND EACH DID THE OTHER IN...



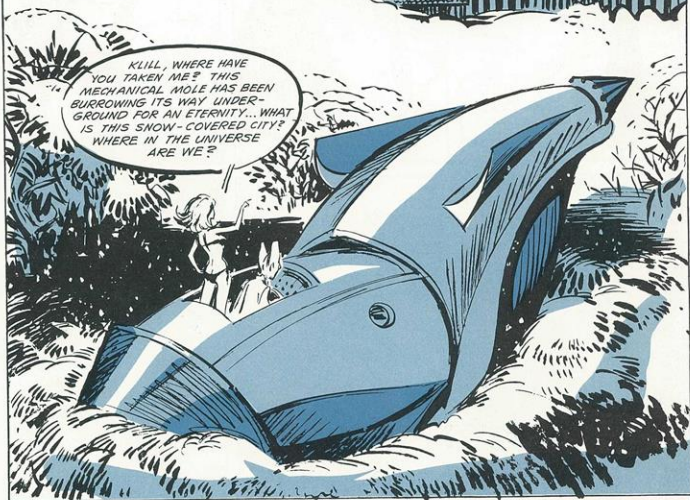
THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED JOINED IN DEATH AND PRESERVED FOREVER BY THE PROCESS OF PETRIFICATION. HOW SUBLIME!... I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...

DILDANO, HALLINGER, STRICKNO... WHEN WILL IT BE MY TURN? AND YOURS, KILL, YOU HIDEOUS LITTLE MONSTER? DO YOU KNOW ANY WAY OUT OF HERE?

PERHAPS I DO...!



CONSIDERABLY DEMORALIZED, BARBARELLA ALLOWS HERSELF TO BE SPIRITED AWAY BY KLILL, THE HORRID LITTLE MARTIAN. A SUBTERRANEAN ROCKET ABANDONED BY A PREVIOUS EXPEDITION ENABLES THEM TO ESCAPE FROM THE SINISTER DEPTHS OF LYTHION.



KLILL, WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME? THIS MECHANICAL MOLE HAS BEEN BURROWING ITS WAY UNDERGROUND FOR AN ETERNITY... WHAT IS THIS SNOW-COVERED CITY? WHERE IN THE UNIVERSE ARE WE?



STILL ON THE SAME PLANET, DON'T WORRY! AND I KNOW THIS REGION YESTERYEAR, LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND. HERE YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SUFFERING FROM THE HEAT!

I'M ALREADY FROZEN TO THE BONE... WE MUST FIND SOME CLOTHES.



STAY HERE IN THE SUB-TERRINE... I'M GOING TO FIND SOME CLOTHES... AND ANNOUNCE OUR ARRIVAL TO THE GOOD KING ARANRABL. HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!



THE KING ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS? YOU'RE TOO MUCH, KLILL!

DO YOU ALSO KNOW THIS YOUNG LADY IN THE WEIRD OUTFIT?

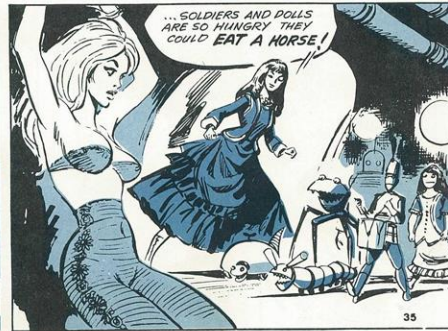












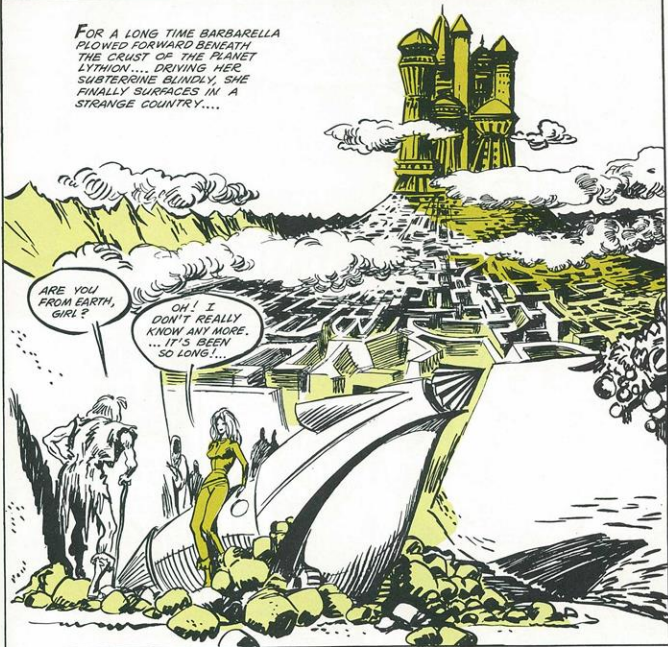


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FOR A LONG TIME BARBARELLA
PLOWED FORWARD BENEATH
THE CRUST OF THE PLANET
LYTHION.... DRIVING HER
SUBTERRINE BLINDLY, SHE
FINALLY SURFACES IN A
STRANGE COUNTRY....

ARE YOU
FROM EARTH,
GIRL?

OH! I
DON'T REALLY
KNOW ANY MORE.
... IT'S BEEN
SO LONG!...



I SEE.... MY NAME IS
DURAND, BUT DON'T
ASK ME HOW TO SPELL
IT. I LEFT EARTH
OVER HALF A CENTURY
AGO.

I THINK
MY NAME IS
BARBARELLA!



I MUST KNOW AT ONCE....
IS MY CHANCE LANDING
HERE A STROKE OF GOOD
OR BAD LUCK?

THE CITY YOU CAN SEE OVER
THERE IS CALLED **SOGO**, AND
THE LABYRINTH WHICH SUR-
ROUNDS IT IS THE MOST
INSIDIOUS BLIND STINK-PIT
IMAGINABLE....



SOGO?

THE NAME MEANS
NOTHING TO YOU,
OF COURSE. THE
INHABITANTS OF
LYTHION ARE FOREVER
AT EACH OTHER'S
THROATS, BUT THEY ALL
HAVE AGREED ON ONE
POINT: ERASE **SOGO**
FROM EVERY MAP!



THE PLANET CONSIDERS IT AN ACCURSED CITY... TO BE ISOLATED AND FORGOTTEN! SOGO HAS TO BE SELF-SUSTAINING, AND IT LIVES OFF ITS OWN SUBSTANCE: **EVIL....**

WHO ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE? AND WHY ARE THEY IN HIDING?



YOU SEE THOSE TOWERS OVER THERE?... LEGEND HAS IT THAT WITHIN THOSE WALLS A NEW PERVERSION IS INVENTED EVERY DAY.... DO YOU THINK NATURE CAN BE SO DEFIED WITH IMPUNITY?

UGH...!



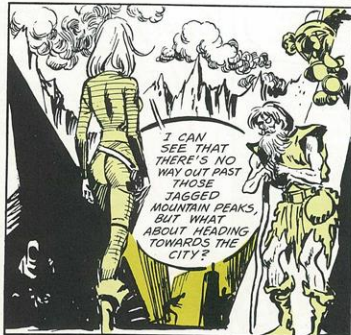
NO ONE IS ABLE TO RESIST BEING DEPRIVED, FOR IN FACT THE LAW FORBIDS IT. IF ANYONE REVEALS THE SLIGHTEST BLEMISH OR SHOWS THE LEAST SIGN OF WEAKENING, HE IS SENTENCED TO BE CAST INTO THE LABYRINTH!



SO ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE EITHER ILL OR PRISONERS.... WHY DON'T THEY REVOLT? DOES THEIR SUFFERING DRAIN AWAY ALL THEIR ENERGY?



THE LABYRINTH IS A PRISON WITHOUT DOORS OR BARS, BUT I DEFY YOU TO FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF IT.... AND BESIDES, WE HAVE NO WEAPONS....



I CAN SEE THAT THERE'S NO WAY OUT PAST THOSE JAGGED MOUNTAIN PEAKS, BUT WHAT ABOUT HEADING TOWARDS THE CITY?

YOU HAVE NO INKLING OF WHAT THIS LABYRINTH REALLY IS. MANY HAVE TRIED TO PIERCE ITS SECRET. SOME HAVE SIMPLY DISAPPEARED. OTHERS HAVE DIED OF HUNGER IN A DEAD-END PASSAGEWAY NOT FAR FROM US, WITHOUT OUR BEING ABLE TO BRING THEM HELP. THEIR SCREAMS, AS THEY WENT SLOWLY MAD USED TO KEEP US FROM SLEEPING....



I OUGHT TO ADD THAT A COLLECTIVE UPRISING IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. SOGO'S CONSTANTLY THREATENING PRESSURES ARE ENOUGH TO PRECLUDE IT.



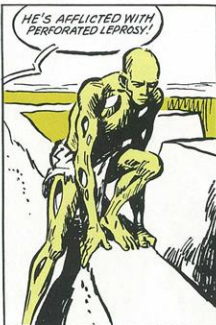
THE NATURE OF THE DANGER REMAINS UNKNOWN, BUT EACH OF US PRESUMES IT IS HORRIBLE!

WHAT AN INTERESTING SITUATION.

LET'S SEE NOW ... EVEN IF YOU ARE BEING WATCHED, IT MUST BE POSSIBLE TO CLIMB UP ONTO THE TOP OF THE WALLS TO GET AN OVER-ALL VIEW OF THE LABYRINTH AND THUS STEER CLEAR OF THE TRAPS. PERHAPS YOU COULD EVEN DRAW A MAP OF THE LABYRINTH!



THAT'S THE MOST CLASSIC WAY OF COMMITTING SUICIDE HERE....THERE, LOOK AT THAT MAN!



HE'S AFFLICTED WITH PERFORATED LEPROSY!



AIR SHARKS! THEIR JAWS ARE MERCILESS... DON'T WORRY, DOWN HERE WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR....



THEY NEVER DIVE DOWN BELOW THE WALLS... NOR ARE THEY CAPABLE OF FLYING UP INTO THE SKY....THEY LIVE IN BETWEEN THE TWO LAYERS OF AIR!





SIX MONTHS BEFORE, THEY BROUGHT PYGAR HERE MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, WITH HIS WINGS CLIPPED. BUT AS SOON AS HE WAS AGAIN ABLE TO FLY, HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO OUTSMART THE SURVEILLANCE OF THE BLACK GUARDS OF SOGO... HOW BADLY HE MISJUDGED THEM! PYGAR WAS CAUGHT AT DUSK, AND THIS TIME THEY WERE NOT CONTENT TO PLUCK HIM LIKE A CHICKEN.!



IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME, THERE'S STILL ANOTHER WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE.... WHY DON'T YOU DIG AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE?

WITH WHAT, EARTH GIRL? WE HAVE NO TOOLS, NOT EVEN THE MOST PRIMITIVE.



ARE YOU FORGETTING THE SUBTERRINE?

YOUR MECHANICAL MOLE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT SOONER!

LISTEN! DON'T YOU HEAR SOMETHING?



WE MUST HIDE YOUR SUBTERRINE. OTHERWISE THE GUARDS WILL SOON SPOT IT AND REDUCE IT TO ASHES.

LISTEN! LISTEN CAREFULLY!



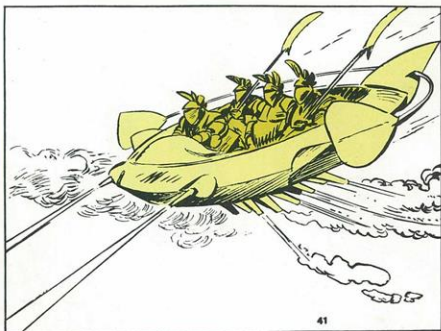
I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING TOO.... A DISTANT WHISTLING NOISE....

A WHISTLING? IF ONLY WE DON'T GET THERE TOO LATE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND A THING. YOU SEEM COMPLETELY AT HOME IN THIS MAZE.

WE'RE PERFECTLY FAMILIAR WITH THIS PART OF THE LABYRINTH... THE DANGER BEGINS CLOSER TO THE CITY.... AH! HERE'S THE SUBTERRINE!

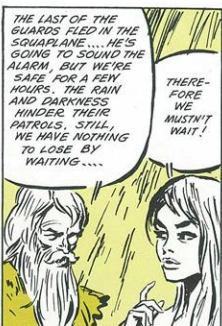








STRANGE, ISN'T IT? THE GUARDS ARE MERELY AN ASSEMBLAGE OF PIECES OF LEATHER... THE MAGNETISM WHICH HOLDS THEM TOGETHER ALSO ENABLES THE WHOLE TO MOVE ACCORDING TO A SERIES OF CONDITIONED REFLEXES...



THE LAST OF THE GUARDS FLED IN THE SQUAPLANE... HE'S GOING TO SOUND THE ALARM, BUT WE'RE SAFE FOR A FEW HOURS. THE RAIN AND DARKNESS HINDER THEIR PATROLS. STILL, WE HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY WAITING....

THEREFORE WE MUSTN'T WAIT!



DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THE BLIND MAN AND THE PARALYTIC?... THIS STORM AND THE ABSENCE OF GUARDS OFFER US AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY... CARRY ME TO SOGO, I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY...



THE STORM AND DARKNESS WILL PROTECT PYGAR AND HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN, BUT ARE NOT THE LIGHTS OF SOGO, THAT ACCURSED CITY, SO MANY DANGEROUS FLAMES IN WHICH BARBARELLA AND HER COMPANION RISK BEING KILLED?

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PYGAR, WE LEFT SO SUDDENLY I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK WHAT WOULD BECOME OF YOU IN SOGO... IN SPITE OF THE STORM, THE ALARM MUST HAVE BEEN GIVEN!

DON'T WORRY, I HAVE FRIENDS IN THESE POORER DISTRICTS. THEY'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE ME....



PYGAR! WE WERE SURE YOU'D COME BACK... AS FOR THE EARTH GIRL, SHE'S CERTAINLY A BOLD ONE!

SHE IS INDEED, AND COURAGEOUS TO BOOT! IF WE AREN'T COWARDS, WE'LL HELP HER!



FOR THE MOMENT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME. BESIDES, I'M A BIT MAD, AND MY PLANS WOULD ONLY KEEP YOU UP NIGHTS WORRYING....



THESE PEOPLE ARE REALLY DECENT. THE BEST HELP THEY COULD GIVE ME WAS PROCURING ME THIS MAP OF THE CITY....





CHOSEN FOR WHAT PURPOSE? BARBARELLA DOESN'T DARE PONDER THE QUESTION. DIDN'T SHE WANT TO STEAL INTO THE PALACE AND MEET THE TYRANT WHOSE CRUEL YOKE AND SCANDALOUS FANTASIES WEIGH HEAVILY ON SOGO AND ITS LABYRINTH?



THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE CORTAGE WANDERS THROUGH THE STREETS HARVESTING OTHER GIRLS. BUT IN THE MORNING, WHILE THE ROYAL RETINUE DISAPPEARS BEHIND A VENOMOUS CURTAIN, BARBARELLA IS TAKEN ALONE TOWARDS THE LUMINESCENT CABIN OF AN ELEVATOR



A BELATED QUESTION, MADAME! FOR YOU CAN NEITHER GO ANY FARTHER NOR ANY HIGHER. HERE YOU ARE IN THE VERY HEART OF THE SUPREME CIRCLE, AT THE SUMMIT OF THE HIGHEST TOWER IN SOGO. HERE HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RECEIVES VISITORS OF DISTINCTION.... SHE ALSO MAKES THEM SUBMIT TO CERTAIN TESTS HERE...







ALLOW ME TO REMIND YOUR MAJESTY THAT SHE IS NOT FULLY INFORMED. MY NAME IS NOT SIMPLY BARBARELLA...



...BUT BARBARELLA GORGORA DI VAMPIRA, FROM A LONG LINE OF BLOOD-DRINKERS AND VENOM-SUCKERS...



UNIM-PRESSIVE...

I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER TO PROPOSE TO YOU, DO YOU LIKE BIRDS?

COOKED HOW?



THE WAY A GOOSE IS! HERE WE SERVE THEM RAW.... SUN, BE SO KIND AS TO ESCORT THIS YOUNG LADY TO THE SITE OF THE LOVE-FEAST!



WAIT... WOULD YOUR MAJESTY GRANT ME ONE FAVOR? THIS MEAL TO WHICH I'M INVITED MIGHT WELL BE MY LAST....



WHAT FAVOR?

WHAT IS THERE BEHIND THESE BLUE SIDE LOCKS?



AH! DAMN YOU!

SLEUPE! THE LITTLE ONE-EYED WENCH!



YOU HAVE A GOOD MEMORY, PRETTY ONE!

AND NOW, TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS! TO THE BIRDS!



SUN, I DON'T MIND DYING, BUT TELL ME ONE THING: IS THE QUEEN THAT SAME GIRL YOU TOOK CAPTIVE WITH ME YESTERDAY EVENING?



WHO KNOWS? THE QUEEN MAY BE ALL WOMEN!

THE GATE'S CLOSED BEHIND ME... I WONDER WHAT THAT TUNNEL IS FOR ACROSS THE CAGE?





IT'S NOTHING... HER MAJESTY IN-
SPIRES A MATE WHICH EACH OF US
IS ONLY WAITING TO REVEAL IN
THE MOST UNPLEASANT WAY
POSSIBLE. THIS WAS AS GOOD
AN OPPORTUNITY AS ANY!



YOU MEAN YOU
INEVITABLY
CONDEMNED
YOURSELVES...!

BAH! IT'S THE
FAVORITE
GAME PLAYED
BY THE COURT
OFFICERS!



IN THAT
CASE...
WHY
NOT HELP
ME PLAY
HER A DIRTY
TRICK? WHAT
IS HER WEAK
POINT?

SLEEP...



SLEEP?...
WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
AH! HE'S
DEAD, HOW
INOPPORTUNE!

THERE'S NO TIME
FOR TEARS. THEY'RE
SHOOTING AT US!
THE AIR TAXI
SEEMS TO BE
WAITING FOR ME
... I'D BETTER
TAKE ADVAN-
TAGE OF
IT.



I KNOW
YOU'RE A
TRAITOR, BUT
WHO HAVE
YOU
BETRAYED?



A ROBOT CAN-
NOT BETRAY,
MADAME....



AH! AT
LAST SOMEONE I CAN
COUNT UPON, OR SO I
HOPE! ALL RIGHT THEN, TAKE
ME OUT OF HERE.

VERY WELL, MAD-
DAME. DIKTOR
HAS SEEN MANY
WORSE SITUATIONS,
MADAME!



CAN'T YOU AIM A LITTLE
BETTER! I COULD
SWEAR YOU'RE DOING IT
ON PURPOSE. I'M GOING
TO HAVE YOU ALL THROWN
INTO PRISON!



TELL ME,
DIKTOR, WHAT
EXACTLY ARE YOU
ABLE TO
DO?



EVERYTHING,
MADAME,
EVERYTHING...
AND WITH
GREAT CARE!



DIKTOR,
YOU HAVE
REAL STYLE!

OH! MADAME
IS TOO KIND...
I KNOW MY
SHORTCOMINGS...
THERE'S SOMETHING
A BIT MECHANICAL
ABOUT MY
MOVEMENTS!



YOU'RE
PERFECT, EVEN
THE WAY YOU
TALK... BUT LET'S
BE SERIOUS...



HOW CAN
I GET BACK
INTO THE
PALACE, THIS
TIME WITHOUT
ATTRACTING
ATTENTION?

MAY
I SUGGEST
THAT MADAME
CONTACT GRONF II,
THE PALACE
CARETAKER. HE'S
A ROBOT TOO. YOU
MAY USE MY NAME...



CARETAKER?
DOES HE TAKE
AS GOOD
CARE OF A
GIRL AS
YOU?

HE IS
DIFFERENT, MADAME...
TREACHEROUS,
VENAL, CROOKED,
A PERVERT.
HE CAN BE
BOUGHT FOR
A FEW PIECES
OF SKWAM...



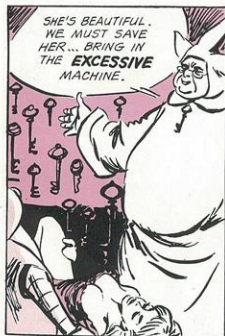
LATER, BEFORE THE
PALACE ENTRANCE

THE BOBALL
CLICULLS IN THE
RAMILLS.

NO! NO!
THE CLAKILL
RIMALLS IN THE
BOBILL. ANYWAY,
IT'S CLOSE
ENOUGH...



TAKE THIS
SMOKOGENOUS
TORCH AND GO
IN THROUGH
THE POISONOUS
DOOR. NO ONE
WILL STOP YOU.









THERE, AT THE BOTTOM OF MY BED, IS A FELT TRAPDOOR, WHICH OPENS ONTO A SILK LADDER, WHICH LEADS TO A VELVET STAIRCASE, WHICH ITSELF...



WHERE'S THIS STAIRCASE LEADING US?

INTO THE BASEMENTS OF THE PALACE, I BELIEVE. I'VE NEVER BEEN DOWN HERE BEFORE.

HERE'S A LIGHT, AND SOME DIRECTIONS CARVED INTO THE STONE.



YOUR MAJESTY, WHY ARE YOU SO PALE?



LISTEN, MY PRETTY ONE, WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SEE IS NOT MY DOING. THIS ODIUS THING HAS BEEN HERE EVER SINCE THE CITY EXISTED, LIKE A WORM IN A PIECE OF FRUIT.

ALL I CAN SEE IS A KIND OF ENDLESS SHELL, WITH PIPES STICKING OUT.



THAT'S ALL ANYONE EVER SEES OF THE BEAST... AT LAST REPORT, ITS DIAMETER EXCEEDED A THOUSAND STERPES.

EACH OF THESE PIPES LINKS ITS POISON POUCHES TO THE LABYRINTH WHICH SURROUNDS THE CITY.



THE MONSTER IS CAPABLE OF RELEASING A FRIGHTFUL QUANTITY OF A POISON, ONE DROP OF WHICH ON THE SKIN IS FATAL. NO PRISONER HAS EVER MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM IT.

AH, SO THAT'S IT! THE NAMELESS MENACE THOSE POOR WRETCHES WERE TALKING ABOUT.





BUT YOUR MAJESTY, IS NOT THE POWER TO UNLEASH SUCH AN ATROCITY IN YOUR HANDS?

YES, AT MY COMMAND THESE CROSSBOWMEN CAN SHOOT THEIR ARROWS AT THE ANIMAL, WHICH WILL CAUSE IT TO SPEW FORTH ITS VENOM.

BUT DON'T WORRY, MY PRETTY ONE, I HAVE NO TASTE FOR MAJOR CATASTROPHES, BESIDES, THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT ALL SOGO MIGHT BE CONTAMINATED...



AND ANYWAY, I PREFER OTHER GAMES... COME WITH ME.



THE DESIDEROBUS HAS NO CONTROL, MERELY AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN WHICH RECORDS MY EVERY WISH AND IMMEDIATELY WHISKS THE APPARATUS TO WHEREVER THEY WILL BE SATISFIED...



LOOK, BARBARELLA, LOOK... ALL THOSE FOREHEADS BENT LOW OVER COMPLEX EQUATIONS, ALL THOSE EYES GLUED TO THE LENSES OF THEIR MICROSCOPES OR CONCENTRATED ON THE CONTENTS OF THEIR TEST TUBES... THERE YOU SEE THE ENTIRE SCIENTIFIC ELITE OF SOGO! IT'S WORKING FOR ME, AND HAS ONLY ONE PURPOSE IN MIND: TO EXTEND THE FRONTIERS OF HUMAN PLEASURE... ISN'T THAT A NOBLE PURPOSE?

INDEED IT IS!





PYGAR!

I KNEW
THAT
WOULD
AMUSE YOU...



YOUR
MAJESTY,
ARE WE
QUITE
ALONE?

YES, OF
COURSE! DO
YOU WANT
TO... EH, TAKE
ADVANTAGE
OF THE
FESTIVITIES?



WITH PLEASURE,
YOUR
MAJESTY!

HURRY UP, CALL
FOR HELP... I'M
STRANGLING
YOU...



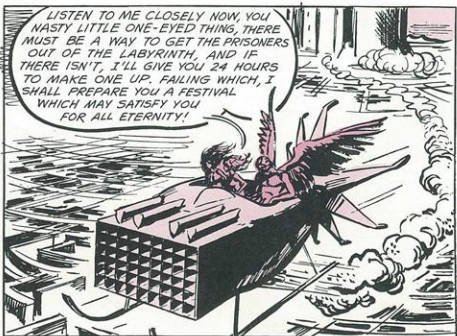
HELP!
HELP!



UNTIE HIM AND HELP HIM
INTO THE DESIDEROBUS.
HURRY UP, OR I MIGHT
LOSE CONTROL AND DO
SOMETHING YOU
WILL REGRET.

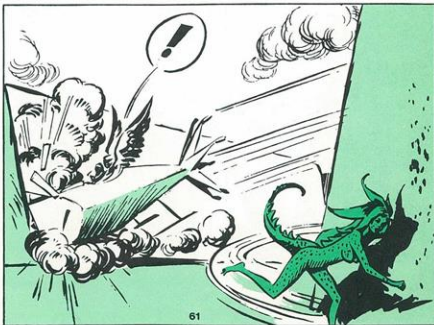


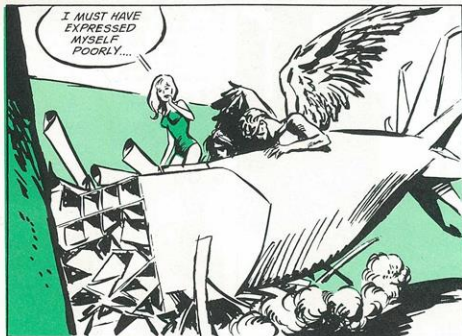
FORWARD!
IF THIS MACHINE
HAS REALLY
UNDERSTOOD MY
WISHES, WE ARE
GOING TO SEE
SOME ACTION...



LISTEN TO ME CLOSELY NOW, YOU
NASTY LITTLE ONE-EYED THING, THERE
MUST BE A WAY TO GET THE PRISONERS
OUT OF THE LABYRINTH, AND IF
THERE ISN'T, I'LL GIVE YOU 24 HOURS
TO MAKE ONE UP. FAILING WHICH, I
SHALL PREPARE YOU A FESTIVAL
WHICH MAY SATISFY YOU
FOR ALL ETERNITY!

8





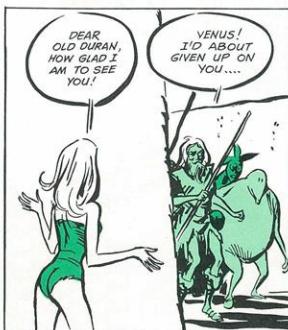
I MUST HAVE
EXPRESSED
MYSELF
POORLY....



GREAT! THE QUEEN IS
INDISPOSED. PYGAR IS STILL
TOO WEAK TO BE OF ANY
HELP, AND HERE I AM
LOST IN THE MIDST OF THE
LABYRINTH, A POOR
LITTLE GIRL, ALL ALONE.



AH-HA!
I THINK I
HEAR SOME
VOICES.



DEAR
OLD DURAN,
HOW GLAD I
AM TO SEE
YOU!

VENUS!
I'D ABOUT
GIVEN UP ON
YOU....



I LEFT THE QUEEN
OF SOGO AND
PYGAR SOMEWHERE
OVER IN THAT
DIRECTION.
THEY'RE A
LITTLE UNDER
THE WEATHER.

LET'S
GO FIND
THEM. I
KNOW THIS
PART OF THE
LABYRINTH
FAIRLY WELL.



PYGAR
PYGAR!
WHERE'S THE
QUEEN?

SHE'S
DUPED YOU.
LOOK AT
THIS OPENING
IN THE
WALL.



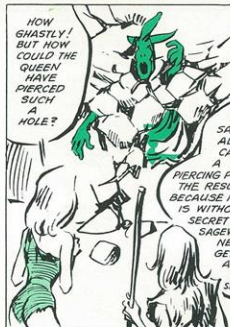
DO YOU THINK SHE
SLIPPED OUT
THROUGH HERE?... IF
ONLY THIS PASSAGE
TURNS OUT TO BE
THE EXIT FROM
THE LABYRINTH!

GET
AWAY
FROM
THERE, YOU
WRETCHED
CREATURE!



THE STONES ARE FLYING
BACK INTO PLACE. WHY, THAT'S
TERRIBLE, WE MUST SAYE
THIS POOR... MAN!

TOO LATE,
BARBARELLA, ONLY
THE QUEEN HAS
THE POWER
TO RAZE
THESE
WALLS.



HOW
GHASTLY!
BUT HOW
COULD THE
QUEEN
HAVE
PIERCED
SUCH
A
HOLE?

THEY
SAY
SHE
ALWAYS
CARRIES
A WALL-
PIERCING PISTOL...
THE RESULT:
BECAUSE NO WALL
IS WITHOUT ITS
SECRET PAS-
SAGEWAY, SHE
NEVER
GETS INTO
A DEAD
END
SITUATION.

THAT'S SOMETHING
ELSE AGAIN. I'VE
SEEN HER IN EMBAR-
RASSING SITUATIONS.
BUT I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND HOW THE
WALL FILLED IN AGAIN...



IT'S VERY SIMPLE:
THE WALL IS COMPOSED
OF LIVING MINERALS.
WE HAD NO MORE THAN
BREACHED IT WHEN IT
BEGAN TO CLOSE UP
AGAIN. I ALMOST
SAID "HEAL!"



BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE EXCAVATION
WHERE PYGAR
WAS LIVING?

TOTALLY DIFFERENT.
THERE IT WAS A
QUESTION OF THE
WALL'S BEING ILL
BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
THE WALL'S VERY ILL....



WHAT ARE
THOSE SCREAMS
AGAIN? A
GOOD MANY
DRAMATIC
SITUATIONS
BEGIN WITH
SCREAMING.



WHAT
ARE THEY
SAYING?

THEY SAY THAT THE DAY
OF GREAT ABOMINATION
HAS COME.

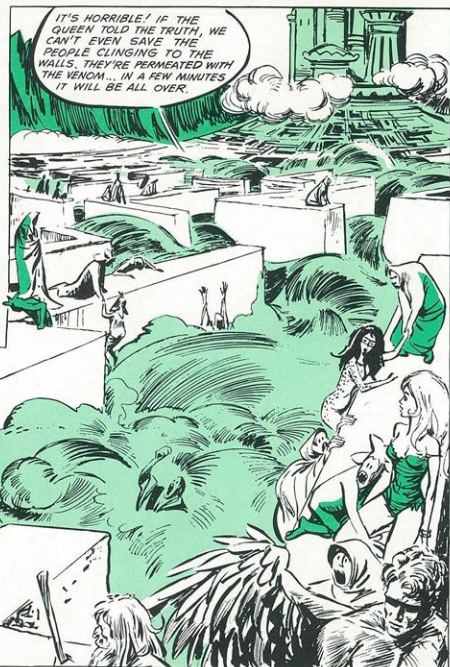


I'D RATHER NOT
KNOW WHAT THAT
MEANS...THE QUEEN
HAS REACHED
SOGO AND GIVEN
THE FATAL ORDER
TO THE BEAST TO
SPEW FORTH ITS
VENOM!

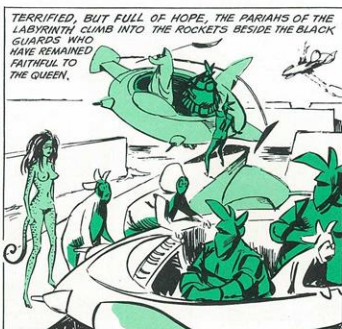


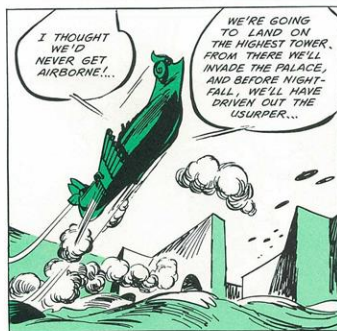
WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?...

IN A FEW MINUTES
THE LABYRINTH WILL
BE SUBMERGED BY
A WAVE OF
DEATH!





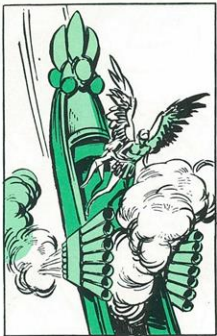




IT'S ALL OVER, MY PRETTY ONE!
WE'RE FALLING. THE VENOM'S
REACHING US. NOR WILL I ESCAPE
ITS EFFECTS. WHICH IS ONLY
JUST: THE VENOM'S THE BLOOD
OF THE CITY... THE QUEEN CAN-
NOT OUTLIVE HER KINGDOM....



PYGAR,
YOU'RE MY
LAST HOPE.
DO YOU FEEL
STRONG
ENOUGH?



WHY DID
YOU SAVE
HER?

AN ANGEL
HAS NO
MEMORY....



